



Humans must board the Trojan Horse from the back



7 3 5

Chapter 1 by SunsetMage

This is an experimental thread.

Rules:

- 1: Each contributor must write from the perspective of their own character. This could be one of the Trojan Horse's prisoners, human or alien, or anyone else who could conceivably be a part of the story.
- 2: A contributor may submit as many chapters as they like, but they may not submit two chapters in a row unless the former chapter was voted out.
- 3: As this is to some degree a roleplaying game, please refrain from God-moding. As a general rule, players must be allowed to narrate any losses, damage, death or indeed miraculous escapes sustained by their character.

Humans must board the Trojan Horse from the back

Chauffeur Pythonson (Prefacing entries with the name of your character would be convenient)

The dingy starship is certainly worthy of the name "Trojan Horse". The place has a feeling of ugly utilitarian claustrophobia, masked by a sleek exterior and the poorly masked bodily odour of native humans. Even at the dashboard at the very front of the starship, the smell causes me to wonder why I have not uninstalled my olfactory sensors long ago. In fact, the sooner I drop

these convicts off the sooner I can relax and start recalibrating myself for this new position. I click the navigation into automatic, and the "throat clearing" sound effect before shouting through a grille to the prisoners in the back.

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"Welcome to the Trojan Horse prisoners. Welcome your chairman for tonight. Airlocks for all species can be found on the left." I then make the mandatory arm gesture, presumably for the

benefit of any deaf goldfish on the ship.

"You have now left the Callisto Holding Complex and will arrive at your destination in approximately twenty-four hours, there to serve society as asteroid miners on the Trojans of Jupiter. Please be ready to repel borders in a timely fashion. I will not remind you again that the asteroid belt is home to a great many fates worse than the one our Kratocracy has planned for you." After making another redundant gesture to the weapon lockers on the right, I resume the monotonous and equally redundant task of piloting the ship in a straight line.

Chapter 2 by Joakim



Prisoner Donald Truff

I almost threw up because of the stench.

We are headed to a prison mine, no one survived in one of those for more than 6 months. I need to escape!

Our guard had mentioned a weapons rack for us to use but it was worthless since it had an anti-lock against humans. The only weapon onboard that would work against another human sat on the guards hip. I had to get it somehow...

I threw myself on the floor and started convulsing like a maniac.

Chapter 3 by intellikat



Unspecific Guard #12

I watch as another prisoner throws himself on the floor and starts convulsing like a maniac. As if that has ever worked in the past.

I let him do this for a time, then walk over to his body and bring a heavy boot down on his head with a crunch. He stops moving for now. Whether he is dead or alive, I do not care. I know that there will be an endless supply of these insects between Callisto and Jupiter, as long as the

refuse barges continue shipping them in from all ends of the galaxy. It was once like this, but overflowing and under-managed. See more of Story Wars

state as a reminder of how
matters not to me

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Cranthuser motions to me from across the room and I make my way to him. His face is pale.

"Where is your sidearm?" he asks, trying to keep his voice low and quiet.

I reach down to my hip and my heart flops over. It is indeed gone.

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